fairy, part one

for you, if only you'll let it be

preface

it is an intrinsically human fault to feel in irrational ways. perhaps a hangover of evolution, the lure of hopeless longing has for long been a subject of art. such art, thence, becomes a portrait of her artist, albeit veiled thinly with a cover and a preface. when words are crafted by feelings, and not thoughts, every word is a drop in the pond—a pond that reflects the face of the artist. no art, then, is a mistake: it is merely a painting of the grief that one dares display. unfortunately, this painting comes as adorned by the painter—every fault, every stray stroke is his truth, uncaring of whether or not it fits your standards of aestheticism.

forcing words to tell stories is the peril of the reader; bending stray stanzas to come together and making sense of them is in itself a hunt for treasure. if you get lost, a map lies at the end of all three chapters. the deniers of treasure are those who cannot find it, and those who can are blissful in their faith.

stories aren't meant to please, neither are they meant to have morals. if every piece of a puzzle would fit with every other, then i hope you'd put them together in a way that's beautiful. like hearts, the best puzzles are meant to be broken.

all is an interminable chain of longing.

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shock

guest

drowsy eyes, they look around,
the dark looks consuming.
all is silent to be found,
but that sliver of light-

peers through, it sees you,
like some treasure from inside a chest.
drowsy eye, eye to the keyhole:
buy this treasure, sell your soul.

it shines through, it blinds you!
shut and flicker your eyelids close,
but don’t look away.
reach out, for she sees you.

your hand in a world you do not know:
she holds you, she knows you; you vaguely remember-
that face, those rounded glasses,
lost: her mellow high dilates your pupil.

the lid traps you; don’t you like it?
grabbed by the ankle, grabbed by the wrist,
bed of roses, thorny garden, walled garden.
run to the fountain, not the fence.

fountain of life, she numbs your soul,
you try and try but cannot console-
this feeling: out like some drowning firefly,
she sets your heart on fire, she makes it fly.

yellow as a flame, black as soot,
you’ve been duped by the flower garden.
innocent criminal, madam president-
serves you your turkey’s pardon.

fleeing prisoner, she’ll be your warden,
pray to her, confess.
you’ve been strung my friend, by the strings of your heart.
the queen stares you down: lay down your cards.

park

silly moth, icarus to the sun,
running after his opiate.
dying star, supernova, burning out with passion,[I]
cobblestone, winding path, run.

name's bolt, lightning bolt,
electrified in a whiff of her drug.
coy boy, just a sip-
never killed a man.

hold her hand, stare at the moon:
floating cheeseball, you can have her.
push that button, pull the lever,
what could go wrong?

such a feeling, but not a rush,
such a love, but not a crush.
healing windowpane, careful with that:
gavel, hammer, they'll all fall flat-

on your chest, on your stomach,
breathe. cry baby, cry to live.
slap on the back, you'll be fine.
see the moon, see the sun,
feel the cheese, feel the burn.

barefoot bastard, overconfident.
revel in the rain's grass.
wet blades cut slowly.

dry your hair, sweep it back,
the redeye mustn't be blocked.
tighten that wrist, find your reward:
scrunchies over cuts, any day.

hitch a ride on fairy's wings,
she'll take you to her cloud.
fly up those stairs, take off that halo.
the angels roll their eyes.

ticket to heaven

constitution, read me my rights,
under arrest by the girl in red.
cufflink hands, wrap them tight.
fingers around mine, just that way.

cloudy room, head in the clouds,
cotton candy, sweet tooth.
hallow's eve, trick or treat?
apple a day keeps the doctor away.

adam's apple, forbidden fruit,
oh eve, bitten by the razor blade.[II]
seal up those bleeding lips,
soak up the pain.

bloodshot eyes, look into mine.
ocean of red, oh columbus.
broken sail, don't you drown,
i'll pull you up and not let you down.

struggling to breathe, have some blood,
freedom’s on her way.
look at the water, trespasser,
i’ll exile you to my heart.

oh napoleon, great conqueror,[III]
there you go again.
lead me into revolution,
there’s my paper and your pen.

blank sheet, you can have it,
rent you the empty mars.
set up shop, meet the cells,
the white ones shall let you pass.

stranger danger, greet the guards,
they’ll remember you.
sole shopkeeper, soul shopkeeper,
keeper, keeper, keeper.

monopoly

oh sweet jailor, let me out,
i'll bribe the bride.
i'll take her out to see the city,
if only she isn't 'just visiting'.[IV]

boyfriend and girl walk out the bars,
queen of hearts will drive his car-
tonight, it's time to close now,
mortgage him off, foreclose now.

trusting man, sleeping in the back,
face seared with the marks of her leather.
smiling lips, she's in his dreams,
treasured like some bird and its feather.

stick shift, she's in the fourth,
pedal to the metal.
handbrake in the air, screeching stop,
inertia, inertia, pop.

mayfair welcomes the two of them,
hotelier opens the door. her
baggage on the boyfriend's back,
wake up, sleepyhead.

hanging over by a thread,
won't she carry him into bed?
lemon, lemon in his drink,
he'll be okay, don't you think?

she shuts his eyes, and gives him a wink,
but his swollen heart still beats in sync:
nice to see, good to hold,
once broken, considered sold.

oh sweet jailor, the rent's too high,
oh sweet jailor, so am i.
oh sweet, jailor, my fuel runs dry.
oh, sweet, jailor, watch me fly.

gin

leap of faith, arms out open,
falling backwards, christ the redeemer.
hug me ‘fore i hit the ground,
or fall with me.

slippery slope, long way down,
i’m at the tippy top.
jagged slide, rusted railings,
say your name and close my eyes.

tug on my collar, oh wind.
hair flying free, wild.
your favourite perfume on my wrist, arms in the air,
protect me.

losing control, be my pilot,
write my will; sign and file it.
bottomless world, the slide’s getting steeper.
tunnel vision, dark tunnel.

your breath on my neck, cpr.
don’t let go of my shirt.
trickster, trickster, stay with me,
i’m scared of what i’ll do with thee.
rocks of fire in the sky,
baby don’t you let me die.

row, row, row my boat,
all your hands on deck.
creaking wood, wooden oar,
need you to get me back to shore.

oh nautical heroine,
lead me down this gentle stream-
be my anchor, be my heroin,
life is but a dream.

swing

oh pond of wax,
wrap me safely til i burn.
burning finger, blue at the base:
fuel me.

crater, melt.
the rain of drought engulfs me-
without your coat.
stick of ash, bent disgracefully.

guilty plea, confession;
rising soot stands alibi.
she was there, in the air,
what was, not what could’ve been.

caster of shadows, cruella,
the pages of your book burn-
in the heat of my inferno.
golden dance, mirror in your eyelids.

flaming cupid, witness to the stand.
arrow to the chest, he sears you.
swear on that fire birthed of your book;
she reigns with terror.

let there be light-
in the depths of your doubt.
your shadows, singed,
courtesy of the golden guiding star.

veiled devil, i enchant you.
step into my ring, lest you put one on me.
run your hand over the yellow,
feel me the way you see me from afar.

missing boy, i see my poster,
sneaky girl, you've found me.
crisped newspaper, hearts of carbon-
ascend to heaven.

begone, cold rot.
warm crimson, fireplace.

pattering snow smeared across the window,
she envies you.
locked fingers feel her frost-
from the inside.

oh melting pool,
i'll build you a cradle.
hold you in my palm,
even if it turns red.

fourth wall, it's broken,
broken by heat into some untouchable cess.
through its crack,
meandering rivers collapse into waterfalls.

drip to the floor,
spread like some gashed wound.
i'll guard the doors,
even if they spell my doom.

interminable wick;

i’ll be here til you need me.

lady liberty,

survive my constitution.

blanket

impostor, spare my senses.
smells like water,
tastes like vodka,
burns like vitriol.

call me ostrich,
spare me, oh predator.
head in the sand,
i’m far too dead already.

you called from across the fence,
winking as you stood the ledge.
cities of despair scatter the horizon,
dangling legs, down the edge.

mango clouds, shallow breath.
ventilator, i’m afraid of heights.
shallow breath, lexapro.[V]
beta blocker, slow my heart.

spider-webs stitch up these buildings,
bungee jump, net of safety.
falling hand on the big ben,
catch it in time, or call me your gwen.[VI]

glassy façade: lens of the light.
ray of ra, sun setting on the empire.[VII]
jack of our union, tie me a noose,
steal my breath, but don’t let me loose.

second-hand anxiety

cusp your palms, put them together.
palms on your face; inhale, exhale.
four, seven, eight: all in your head.[VIII]
eyelids to one another, don’t peep.

i’m your guardian from the future,
i’ve seen what lies ahead.
the road isn’t bumpy,
and yet you sit like that.

deformed question mark,
your sodding impatience.
the world ahead isn’t so dark,
you can turn your fog lights off.

scaredy diablo, i’ll be your deux,[IX]
sancta simplicitas, if only.[X]
angel investor, i’ll pay your dues,
divine life is far too lonely.

tremors in your legs,
flickering eyelids.
coffee breath,
don’t stay awake.

tension in those lashes,
lids wrinkled open.
distressed black, but-
then that reddish white.

scanning like an ancient sniper,
oh majestic fortress.
let your hair down,[XI]
i’ll be your mario.[XII]

i’ll save my princess peach, and-
fight your evil bowser.
don’t let me go,
is all i beseech.

spill

smiling frown, blush-
not exactly subtle, no.
bursting emotions,
brows: dead giveaway.

little nudge,
smirk on one end.
sparkling like some brilliant amber,
there’s a shine in your eyes tonight.

tippy top of the glass,
break through.
chin and nose stuck to the ceiling,
you’re this close.

cinderblock, cinderella,
hold it above your head.
you’ve won,
this trophy belongs to you.

exquisite champagne, slender glass,
jager, jager, never forget.
clench it like you clenched my arm,
chug, chug, chug.

oh sweet bachelorette,
it’s your time to live.
fists in the sky,
oh what i wouldn’t give-

to have but two seconds,
two minutes, two hours,
two hours with you,
a moment to call ours.

maturity, a miserable art.
stoic, old man, tomato.
squealing mouse,
defy.

footnotes

[I] supernovas occur when stellar objects explode, especially when stars die out. these were very common during the early formations of the universe.

[II] in the late twentieth century, an urban myth developed amongst parents of trick-o-treaters that malevolent strangers would tamper with the candy later given to children. this was propagated by a 1970 new york times article cautioning the american public about razor blades in caramel apples.

[III] napoleon was exiled by the french due to accusations of wrongdoing, though he later returned and led france into a crushing defeat at the battle of waterloo.

[IV] 'just visiting' is a phrase inscribed next to the picture of a jail cell drawn on the original version of the board game 'monopoly'. players often put their pieces directly over the phrase instead of on the picture of a jail cell when indicating that they have not actually committed a crime.

[V] lexapro is a commonly prescribed antidepressant and anti-anxiety medication.

[VI] though spider-man tries to save her, his girlfriend gwen stacy falls to her death in the amazing spider-man 2, which he regrets throughout the rest of the saga.

[VII] ra refers to the egyptian patron of the sun and god of all deities, though he is more commonly known as the sun god.

[VIII] the 4-7-8 technique is a breathing pattern recommended by psychiatrists as a way of relieving anxiety and relaxing the nervous system.

[IX] originating from greek literature, deux ex machina and diablo ex machina refer to the machines of god or devil, respectively. in drama, they represent a sudden act of god or devil that changes the plot.

[X] sancta simplicitas refers to holy simplicity, often used to mock an overly simple or naïve explanation of things, including solutions that are too good to be true.

[XI] in tangled, rapunzel's lover finds her trapped atop a castle, so he climbs to the top, using her long hair as a rope of sorts.

[XII] mario went on several quests to save his princess, hurting himself and dying several times in the process.

denial

text

some new euphoria,
so full of life.
a light optimism,
meek.

simple day,
an odd peace.
golden stream, he remains in slumber.
‘good morning, you’.

a few taps, send.
humble, vague satisfaction.
window rolls slowly down,
hello, world.

canned soup, last drop.
flip, squeeze, slam.
i’m forever stuck in-
the void of this tin.

what sorrow? streaks of colour-
paint the wind behind my hair.
can’t see the sadness,
there is no such thing today.

hands on the wheel,
tipsy road.
thoughts of him, up in my head,
does he hear me?

biking slowly, losing balance,
france is a long tour.[XIII]
envelope of dreams,
open up.

little coin, stuck on the outside.[XIV]
symbol of good faith,
i’ll toss you-
into the fountain of life.

caesar

lean on my shoulder,
hand around my neck.
reap what you sow,
kiss, not a peck.

lettuce, oil, pepper:
bland, tasteless.
dress it up all you can, but-
vinegar isn’t flavour.

draping white-
prom dress,
too big, tonight,
for a heart small as yours.

shallow oceanside,
beached emotions-
all in my head,
what a commotion.

size you up, romanticise,
a trance better than truth. thrones
built on mountains of lies,
or sweet truths never known.

version of you,
i like you my way.
a little more vinegar,
who am i fooling?

scared, of what you could be,
scared, of finding out.
address in my hands,
doorbell unsung.

look through the peephole.
trodding with a hop,
wilting rose, stuck to my ear.
to knock, or not?

lamp

dungeon of dreams,
lit by our fire.
dragons of impending doom,[XV]
haunt us.

silky strands,
drapes.
dimly lit,
i can barely see you.

suppressed voice,
it feels upset.
like some orchestra,
on titanic’s deck.

your story,
melting into the space-
left between-
our eyes.

ghost of a bad time,
she remembers you.
monster monster,
back off.

milady, cry tonight.
there’s room for shadows.
head next to your hands,
forget your past for me.

mine’s upsetting too,
what a scandal.
i’ll cry you a river,
hug you if you shiver.

solemn sorrow,
and for what?
overflowing delta,
let it rain tonight.

promiscuous zeus, call me poseidon,
let your thunder, fall in my oceans.

fading aura, sombre tone,
lingering, disappointing, love.
will me to tell you,
and i shall be willed.

adorable memories,
wish they were yours.
let’s make something,
something to remember.

little sofa, feet hanging off the sides.
confident in your demeanour,
what flattery. calls, one after another.
i pretend i do not see.

if home’s where the heart is,
then i’m already there.

paradise in my sleep,
i conjure you.
even if my eyes open,
i’ll close them again, and meet you-

on the other side,

castle of sand.

the ocean calls,

i’ll be back tomorrow.

footnotes

[XIII] tour de france is an annual bicycle race that takes place across multiple days and stages, and hence must be attempted like a marathon rather than a sprint.

[XIV] it is traditional in indian cultures to attach a small coin on the outside of cash envelopes, so that the total denomination does not end in the number 0, which signifies conclusions and endings.

[XV] dungeons & dragons is a traditional family game, most popularly played amongst children in the west. it involves a made-up world with little to no physical manifestation, and most aspects of the game are simply imagined by players.

anger

redbull

coveted giggle, light drizzle-
of sweet old affection.
little pond, bent over,
you: in my reflection.

diving board, leaning steeper,
butterfly effect, ripple.
still pond, lonely pond,
shook.

chilly gust, from heaven above,
homeless tramp, this night burns you.
failing pretence, i know you shiver.
frosty pinch, it hurts, but you like it.

raggedy traveller, you throw the quilt away.
tread out, open your arms.
catch the snowflakes as they fall,
as they pierce holes into your skin.

soft leather, pink shade,
turning black, tremors.
a thousand knives slice the crevices-
between your breaking fingers.

lungs, they feel heavy.
staggered breath, jitters.
mouth wide open, gasp-
for solace.

cold shower, colder.
drenched: the gust mocks you,
laughs at your blue face.
fading eyeballs, get it together.

stammer to speak,
rain turns to hail.
it breaks your back,
and yet:

you strip.

air conditioner

elusive liar, hide it all.
coat it up with my sweet nothings,
reassurances, even.
slight smile: i know you're fooled.

eyes beside the camera,
break those walls down.
presidential seal, sealed lips.
glance to the paper: i've followed the script.

don't call my bluff, i've the queen-
of your heart. read my lips.[XVI]
broken throne, broken dreams,[XVII]
troops at your door.

my wish, their command,
knock, knock, knock.
sieged, surrender,
or be knocked right down.

i’ve found a barren india,
and i’m going to steal your feather.
call me conquistador,[XVIII]
or i’ll be your heather.[XIX]

nuclear heart, don’t-
let your atoms, come to me.
whirring helicopters,
hussein doesn’t resist.

don’t cry for me,
burning sensation.
too much napalm?
rub, rub, rub, all in vain.

oh fallen refugee,
leave them behind.
home of the brave, land of the free,
bend right over, and free you shall be.

nottinghill

flash in my eyes,
the light pierces through.
burning blue,
feels like a fever, not like a dream.

singsong voice,
evil dentist. i see-
that whirring drill,
you’re going to pick me apart.

screeching noise, blinding bright,
carnal killer, too tired to fight.
will her, will to retire that light,
that zaps me into the heavenly white.

spots in my vision, float.
black dots on a mission, gloat-
to your mistress, you’ve done the job.
locked a man in distress, and broke the knob.

screeching chairs, random cries,
conceited chaos, blair's eyes.[XX]
stammering priest, your choir's off key,
jailed beast, be the beauty i want you to be.

electric chair, i'm serving your term,
sentence me to life, but don't silence my yearn.
butter knife killer, you've given me thick skin,
poorly written thriller, you don't faze me anymore.

prayer without faith, a testament to trust:
waning love, a love that i must-
reel back in, if only for my mind,
a mind you've lost, and won't let me find.

disorder, order, of the masses,
intoxicated thoughts, world of farces.
lost in the vatican, falling over,
call me lazarus, pull me closer.[XXI]

bad momo

hostess of the air, meet-
me when i'm high, high in the sky.
zero gravity, thirty thousand feet,
yellow masks, dangling.

sweet reprise, wings of the angel,
oh carry me to god above, or the ocean below.
i'll crack the door open, sneak out with tippy toes,
then you can take me safely, to where no one goes.

ship of the sand, cruising so fast,
an iceberg and a half, and this ship won't last.
play me an orchestra, and i'll whistle along,[XXII]
and i'll keep whistling til' the end of your song.

call me songbird, and i'll call your branches home,
rustle your leaves to my unsung tone.
benevolent landlady, don't forget me. by-
the time you miss me, i'll have flown past your eye.

sapling’s soul, you’ve grown past,
you don’t need me, do you?
if you leave for good, don’t let this be the last-
thing i ever say, say to you.

seeds in the wind, it’s a bitter day.
no maples of orange scattered around,
no cheery children, no joy to be found.
monotone, yet unpleasing.

sweet nothings, mesmerised-
lost in that glint, that glint in your eyes.
lead me to your humble abode, rabbit,[XXIII]
feed me, gifts of deceit, pretty little lies.

sparks burn out, and this one’s dim,
burnt milk, spilling over the brim.
spilt milk: goes away if ignored,
but leaves her surface sticky.

kuch kuch hota hai

detached monotone, colourless cracker,
smiles of invisalign, muted bass.[XXIV]
landline telephone, incoming: lightning,[XXV]
snip snip.

monkey on the tree, your pole's in a free fall.
hands to the side, wires like nails.
caught in the whirlwind, you'll soon be debris,
the zap hurts a second, you'll soon be free.

clench those lids, stop looking.
gash of blood? tape it up.
hide your sins, under the rug.
cover up, and give her a hug.

knife by her side, your abdomen's her onion,
should've known she'd lied, you know better-
than to see her sombre face, puppy's eyes cry,
tough as a rock, easy as pie.

be that gymnast, dodge her bullet,
load your own, clench the trigger and pull it.
murmuring crowd, there's blood on their faces,
she's falling, won't you tie her laces?

saviour complex, she hangs,
precipice, her fangs-
dig into your ledge, losing strength,
falling off the edge, the girl you were meant-

meant to save, meant to hold,
hopeless survivor, rusted gold.
cracked lips, onion peel,
pieces and bits, you were meant to feel.

pair of hands, almost touching.
opposite sides, of that glass.
filling with water, her echo chamber,
drowns her love, she dies alas.

cleanup

spilled suitcase, demon’s smile,
all your troubles on the flammable floor.
stolen toiletries, broken painting,
hang your honour at the door.

acidic humour, laughing loud,
laminated wood can’t catch on fire.
grip that lighter, clench your fist,
raise, raise, and throw.

screaming man, drained shout,
shattered plastic all about.
strained breaths, strange wince,
slow and steady, never wins-

never wins, the shortest sprints,
sprints that cut across your feet.
burning mints, take a hint, and
mop that floor until it’s neat.

firestone, swallow your pride,
the flames of purity shall sear you well,[XXVI]
walk that aisle, be his bride,
and all you've known shall fare you well.

namesake veil, see right through,
you see his face, and he sees you.
come on then, say i do,
say it now, he needs you to.

he'll hold your index,
hold it by the tip,
watch your step,
lest you trip.

black cat in your way,[XXVII]
red thread in your way,[XXVIII]
don't cross, don't sin,
don't try, don't win.

mattress

blow out the torch, it’s getting late,
too late for fate, that long face-
sitting on the porch, coffee date,
date with him, his cold embrace.

tickle in your nose, breathe in deep,
fluctuating eyes, but not to go to sleep.
tilt in your head, head to the sky,
then suddenly down, that explosion flies-

across the skies, little boy,
shelled up in metal, don’t be so coy.
swoop in from above, and
crash into the ground,
til your embers burn the clouds, and
you’re nowhere to be found.

frozen screen, torn sheet,
broken legs, and a thorny seat.

squiggly line, broken crayon,
floating mushroom, paint it red.
you'll be fine, another ring,
another song, that you'll sing-

sing along, sing in key-
key to the treasure under the sea.
depths of my soul, deeper than thee-
than thee can go, than thee can see.

dive right in, at your risk,
pour that drink, and give it a whisk.
rock bottom, bottoms up,
bottomless floor, floorless ocean.

capture the wave, transcontinental ship,
walk the plank, jump off the lip.
he'll revel in his gains, gains ill-gotten,
so work his fields, and pick your cotton.

footnotes

[XVI] while running for president, george hw bush pledged not to levy new taxes on americans as he said the phrase “read my lips, no new taxes”. once elected, he did, indeed, levy new taxes on americans.

[XVII] hallelujah, sung by leonard cohen, features undoubting faith. in the line ‘she broke your throne and she cut your hair, and from your lips she drew the hallelujah’, he talks about how faith and love have come to haunt and destroy him.

[XVIII] conquistadors were spanish explorers who sailed to the americas in search of india and pillaged the native population.

[XIX] heather, sung by conan gray, describes how his love interest at the time was in love with a “perfect” girl named heather, instead of conan.

[XX] tony blair was a british politician whose eyes often gave away his deceitful intentions, despite what he claimed to believe or support.

[XXI] lazarus was a devout christian who died of an illness that jesus chose not to cure. later, jesus visited his grave and brought him back to life, in what was termed a resurrection of sorts.

[XXII] in the movie ‘titanic’, when an indestructible ship began to sink and it became obvious that most won’t survive, the orchestra played soothing music on the deck as the hull submerged slowly, until the ship broke in half.

[XXIII] in ‘alice in wonderland’, a naïve teenager named alice falls down a rabbit hole and proceeds to have the adventure of a lifetime.

[XXIV] invisalign is often used by people with crooked teeth to make their smiles appear more ‘perfect’, and is nearly invisible unless seen up close.

[XXV] during a thunderstorm, a lightning bolt may strike a telephone line, causing a surge to enter the line and potentially enter telephone sets, delivering a massive electrical shock to those using them.

[XXVI] firewalking, or *thimithi*, is a ritual in southern india that ‘purifies’ those who do it; it originated as a pre-wedding ritual when hindu goddess draupadi walked on firestones before marrying lord arjuna to prove her faith, since it was believed that those who have faith will not suffer burns or injuries during this practice.

[XXVII] in some cultures, it is considered a bad omen if a black cat crosses your path.

[XXVIII] in hindu temples, a red thread is tied around a devotee’s hand to protect them from evil.

find me elsewhere

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music to go with words

music is to words what wings are to birds. songs, sometimes, captivate and fuel ideas; here are a few that helped reveal how i felt as i wrote every poem in the book.

shock ..... *pyaar ki yeh kahani*
guest *pehla nasha*
park *kya mujhe pyaar hai*
ticket to heaven *tera hone laga hoon*
monopoly *we are young*
gin *pareshaan*
swing *srivalli*
blanket *angel eyes*
second-hand anxiety *slipping through my fingers*
spill *some nights*
denial ..... *like real people do*
text *raataan lambiyan*
caesar *jiya dhadak dhadak*
lamp *baarishein*
anger ..... *serotonin (girl in red)*
redbull *hai junoon*
air conditioner *zaalima*
nottinghill *saiyyan*
bad momo *monta re*

kuch kuch hota hai	*sawaar loon*
cleanup	*allah waariyan*
mattress	*abcdefu*

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